

We visited the *Comedie* last night; but the performances were meagre and the house ill attended. The King of Holland pays the actors, and, of course, there is no theatrical spirit in Bruxelles. We pass the evenings very agreeably in cafes, where Meredith and myself play dominoes in a most magnificent manner and the governor invents or discovers new ices, lectures on sorbettes and liqueurs, and reads the Flanders papers, which are a copy a week old of the Parisian copies of the English. We then rush home to Selzer water and Moselle, sugar and lemon, an invention of a waiter and my father, and which, to use our favorite national phrase, if it is, equalled by any cup in Europe, is certainly not excelled. . . . <

Brussels is full of English. The Belle Vue crowded. An Irish officer, rather grand, invited me to a picnic party at Waterloo; also told me he thought an Irish gentleman was the completest gentleman in the world when he chose, fancying his brogue did not detect him. We visit the field of Waterloo not so much for the scenery, but, as Mrs. Young says, for the idea.

Yours,

B.

DISRAELI.

Some notes on pictures and gastronomy may be added from the diary.

ANTWERP,

Monday.

It is impossible without visiting Antwerp to have any idea of the character and genius of B-ubens. It is ridiculous to hear the sage critiques on his particular style and manner. No artist seems to have painted so differently. His style in his large pictures is sometimes sketchy and rapid, while in the Museum are many pictures finished with almost a miniature exactness.

Without a pause, the diarist goes on to a subject that interested him as much as pictures.

The dinner was good. The Grand Laboureur is, as the Clerk of the Police well termed it, *un hotel pour les riches*. The *vol au vent* of pigeons was admirable. The peas were singularly fine. The idiots, imagining they could please our English taste, dressed them *au naturel! Peste!*

Tuesday.

Rose at 5, — was at the Museum at 6. The *Dbputi Diractaur* a civil fellow. Copied some drolls from an ancient picture of Hans of Malines. In the midst

of my sketching, the D.D. mysteriously
beckoned me away and conducted me to
a large